The Hancock Jeffersonian.

INDEPENDENT THOUGHT,—UNDISGUISED PURPOSE,—AND UNTRAMMELED ACTION.

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Select Poetry.

☞ The foolowing line were sent to the Essex County Massahbusetts Agricultural Fair, held at Newbury, on the 24th October. The initials tell us they are by WHITTIER:

One morning of the first sad Fall,
Poor Adam and his bride
Sat in the shade of Eden's wall—
But on the ogtor side.

She, blushing in her fig-leaf suit,
For the chaste garb of old,
He, sighing o'er his bitter fruit,
For Eden's grapes of gold.

Behind them, smiling in the morn,
Their forfeit garden lay;
Before them wild with rock and thorn,
The desert stretched away.

They heard the air above them fanned.
A light step on the sward;
And lo! they saw before them stand
The Angel of the Lord!

"Arise!" he said, "why look behind,
When hope is all before,
And patient hand and willing mind,
Your loss may yet restore!

"I leave with you a spell whose power
Can make the desert glad,
And call around you fruit and flower
As fair as Eden had.

"I clothe your hands with power to lift
The curse from off your soil;
Your very doom shall seem a gift,
Your loss a gain through toil.

"Go, cheerful as yon humming bee,
To labor as to play:"
While glimmering over Eden's trees,
The Angel passed away.

The pilgrims of the world went forth,
Obedient to the word;
And found where'er the tilled the earth,
A garden of the Lord!

The thorn tree cast its evil fruit,
And blushed with plum and pear;
And seeded grass and trodden root
Grew sweet beneath their care.

We share our primal parent's fate,
And in our turn and day
Look back on Eden's sworded gate,
As sad and lost as they.

But still for us his native skies
The pitying angel leaves,
And leads through toil and paradise
New Adams and new Eves.

Select Story.

LULA'S DREAM.

Once there was a very pretty little girl, whose name was Lula. She had a kind father and mother, who would do everything in their power they thought proper to make her comfortable and happy. Yet this little girl often did things which she knew to be wrong, although she was invariably sorry for it afterwards.

There was another little girl, about Lula's own age, whose name was Rosa, Lula's constant playmate and companion. They loved each other and shared each other joys as if they were sisters. But one day, while coming from school, Lula perceived a very pretty ribbon which Rosa had dropped in the path. She picked it up, and instead of returning it to the owner, she put it in her pocket.

"What a pretty ribbon it is," thought she; "it is just such a one as I was wanting this long time."

When she came home that evening, somehow she was not the same bright and cheerful Lula as usual, the same happy, earnest smile was not on her blooming countenance. So after tea, when they were sitting round the cheerful fire, her mother perceived she was quieter and seemingly unhappier than common.

"Lula," said she, "what is the matter, my child; are you sick?"—This was touching her on a tender chord, and bursting into tears, she exclaimed—

"As I was coming home from school this evening I saw this ribbon lying on the path; I knew it to be Cosa's, for I had seen her drop it, but thinks I, it is so pretty, I will take it and keep it myself, and Rosa will never know who has it. But it is not mine—it cannot afford me any pleasure while I have it, and to-morrow I will return it to her at school." So saying, she dropped the ribbon in her mother's hand.

Her mother led her to her little chamber, and there, both kneeling by the bed-side, they freely asked God's pardon. Lula retired, but the pillows did not seem so soft and downy as usual, and unseen spirits seemed to continually whisper in her ear; "you stole a ribbon."

With a sad and heavy heart she fell asleep. Presently she thought she saw a large man approach her, dressed in a suit of many colors, apparently of old rags stiched together, and having a large sack under his arm. He also bore a blazing torch in his hand. At first sight of him Lula was sorely frightened; but he approaching her said—

"Sweet Lula, don't be frightened, I bear you good tidings. I want you to come with me to my far-off sunny home, where there is no sickess, no pain, no trouble, as on this gloomy earth."

"But," said Lula, still a little frightened, and drawing the clothes close around her. "father and mother would be grieved to find that their only daughter would leave them thus."

"Yet," said the man, "would you prefer to live in this dreary, comfortless world, compared with my happy, cheerful home? There all is peace and love and joy. Neither is there any winter there; all the time it is summer, delightful summer.—The most beautiful birds live there, and and are continually warbling merry songs morning, noon and night. Jump into this sack, sweet Lula, and come with me."

Being captivated by his flattering and promising words, Lula jumped into the sack, and soon they were on their way to the "happy world,"—They traveled on for days and even weeks, and as Lula thought, and when she asked him still how far they had yet to go, he answered not a word. At length they came to a dark and shady forest, and after they had proceeded through it a long and toilsome way, they came to a certain place, where, after the man had spoken a few words which Lula could not understand, a trap-door instantly flew open, and after they entered it fell. Here the glimmering light of the torch only made the dark cavernous hole appear doubly horrible.

They descended down, down, and presently Lula thought she heard a noise of some kind. She listened again and more attentivelp, and sure enough, she heard yelling and hallooing of the most horrid charater. After had descended a long way they reached a large and spacious room, through which ghosts of the most hideous forms were stalking, fierce and venomous serpents were lying in every corner, and everything truly presented a most horrible aspect.

Lula then earnestly besought the man to take her back to her happy home, where she had lived with her dear father and mother. She thought how well she would like to be playing with Rosa, as she used to do.—But then the thought struck her of the theft which she committed by taking Rosa's ribon, and she felt now that she was being justly punished. And she thought, too, if she were only back, she would never sin any more. But now she need never expect to get back, and constantly must pass a life of horror in this miserable abode. Sobbing and crying bitterly, she gave herself up to despair.

All at once a score or more of inhuman wretches clutched her, and making a most hideous noise, seemed to tear her to pieces, when she awoke, and lo! it was a dream.—Her mother was bending tenderly over her, and telling her to arise.—The sun was shining gratefully through the window of her chamber, and the birds were gayly chirping their matin songs. Lula arose that morning an altered girl. Through time she grew up to be a good and intelligent woman and during a long life of usefulness in the community in which she lived, never forgot the diver forgot the divine injunction of scripture, "thou shalt not steal."—*Little Pilgrim.*

Miscellaneous.

Reading One's Own Obituary.

The tenure of the Major Generalship of Massachusetts, like that of a good many other offices in that ancient Commonwealth, is for life, or during good behavior. The Boston *Transcript* says that one of the former lived so long that a wicked wag, at his reported death, gave, as a sentiment at a public dinner: "The memory of our late Major General—may he be eternally rewarded in heaven for his everlasting services on earth." Judge of the surprise of the author of this toast, on learning, the next day, that the report was false, and the veteran officer still alive.

This reminds us of an occurrence that took place in the same State some years ago. In the days of Mycall, the publisher of the Newburyport *Herald*, (a journal still alive and flourishing,) the sheriff of old Essex, Philip Bagley, had been asked several times to pay up his arrears of subscription. At last one day he told Mycall that he would certainly 'hand over the next morning as sure as he lived. If you don't get your money to-morrow, you may be sure I am dead,' said he.

The morrow came and passed, but no money. Judge of the sheriff's feelings when, on the morning of the day after, he opened his *Herald*, and saw announced the lamented decease of Philip Bagley, Esq., High Sheriff of the county of Essex; with an obituary notice attached giving the deceased credit for a good many excellent traits of character, but adding that he had one fault very much to be deplored; he was not punctual in paying the printer.

Bagley, without waiting for his breakfast, started for the *Herald* office. On the way it struck him as singular that none of the many friends and acquaintances he met seemed to be surprised to see him. They must have read their morning paper. Was it possible they cared so little about him as to have forgotten already that he was no more?—Full of perturbation, he entered the printing office, to deny that he was dead, *in propria persona.*

'Why Sheriff!' exclaimed the facetious editor, 'I thought you were defunct!'

'Defunct!' exclaimed the sheriff—'What put that idea in your head?'

'Why you yourself!' said Mycall. 'Did you not tell me—'

'Oh! ah! yes! I see!' stammered out the Sheriff. Well, there's your money. And now contradict the report in the next paper, if you please.'

'That's not necessary, friend Bagley,' said the old joker; 'it was only printed in your copy.'

The good sheriff lived many years after this 'sell' and to the day of his real death always took good care to pay the printer!—*New Orleans Picayune.*

The Sufferings of a Captive.

The St. Paul *Pioneer* contains a notice of the release from captivity and return of Mrs. Marble, one of the captives taken by the Indians at the Spirit Lake massacre. Her sufferings while a captive were terrible, and are related as follows:

Immediately on starting from Hero Lake Mrs. Maible states that herself and associates were forced to carry packs, and perform the degrading and menial services in the camp. She says that the pack she was compelled to carry consisted of two bags of shot, each weighing twenty-five pounds. On the top of this heavy load, which this weak, ill-used and distracted woman was forced to carry, was placed the additional weight of an Indian urchin some three or four years of age. The snow was very deep; the prisoners were but thinly clad, and most of the time suffering from hunger. The warm clothing they had on them when they were made prisoners was from them by they squaws, and in its place they received but a scanty supply, ill suited to the weather and the exposure they were foced to undergo.

At times the unfortunate captive would fall to the ground exhausted and utterly unable to proceed farther—Then, the inhuman wretches would place the muzzle of a loaded gun at her head, and threaten her with instant death unless she would immediately continue her weary march. When a horse stolen at the settlements would die, or be killed by the Indians for food, the prisoners would be allowed to recruit their exhausted strength by a supply of horse flesh; but with these exceptions, they suffered greatly from want of food, and were glad to snatch up the bones thrown down by the Indians, after their repast. Mrs. Marble states that they were often forced to eat the wing feathers plucked from the ducks shot by the Indians, and shrivled before the fire, to save themselves from starvation.

Cage-Birds in Town and Country.

The proverb, that "Use is second nature," may hold in some cases, but certainly not in all. Accordingly, we find that the lives of our little feathered prisoners who are domesticated within the walls of cities are much shorter by comparison than those of their brethren which have the benefits of a purer atmosphere.—This cannot be a matter for wonder.

It is not unusual to hear loud lamentations when a favorite pet is removed by death. Sometimes he dies quite suddenly; at other times his death is consequent upon attacks of asthma, wheezing, sore eyes, inflamation in the bowels, and a whole chain of nameless calamities. Most of these have their origin in the thoughtlessness of the persons to whom they belong; and many are the letters addressed to me for "advice." They generally come too late.

It must be remembered that the lungs of birds are very delicate, and that to keep them suspended in heated rooms, whose atmosphere is vitiated, exposes them to almost certain danger. They require pure air even more than we do. Sudden draughts, too, are equally dangerous, and to these our little friends are forever exposed, by being placed immediately in the centre of open windows, whilst living in a cage accessible to the wind from every point. There is scarcely a street in London where this evil practice may not be daily seen.

The Spider and the Toad.—A Curious Incident.

The following singular relation is furnished by a correspondent of the Boston Traveler, as having been witnessed by a person now living, though occurring more than forty years ago, about sixteen miles from that city:

The narrator said that while walking in the field he saw a large black field spider, considered of the most venemous species, contending with a common-sized toad. The spider, being very quick in its movements, would get upon the back of the toad and bite it, when the toad, with its fore paw, would drive off the spider. It would then hop to a plantain, which was growing near by, and bite it, and then return to the spider.—After seeing this repeated several times, and noticing that each time the toad was bitten, it went to the plantain, the spectator thought he would pull up the plantain, and watch the result. He did so. Being again bitten, and the plantain not to be found, the toad soon began to swell and show other indications of being poisoned, and died in a short time. If the plantain, which grows so abundantly near almost every dwelling in the vicinity, was such an immediate and effectual remedy to the toad for the bite of the spider, can we not reasonably infer that it would be an effectual cure for the bite of the same insect?

Putnam as a Spy.

Among the officers of the Revolutionary army, none, probably, possessed more originality than General Putnam, who was eccentric and fearless, blunt in his manners, the daring soldier without the polish of a gentleman. He might well be called the Marion of the North, though he disliked disguise, probably from the fact of his lisping, which was very apt to overcome any trickery which he might have in view. At that time, a stronghold called Horse-neck, some miles from New York, was in the hands of the British. Putnam, with a few sturdy patriots, was lurking in the vicinity, bent on driving them from the place. Tired of lurking in the ambush, the men began to get impatient, and importuned the general with the question as to when they were to have a bout with the foe. One morning he made a speech something to the following effect, which convinced them that something was in the wind: "Fellows, you have been idle too long, and so has the oxteam and the bag of corn. If I come back, I will let you know the particulars; if I should not, let them have it, by hookey."

He soon afterwards mounted his ox-cart, dressed as one of the commonest order of Yankee farmers, and was soon at Buck's tavern, which was in possession of the British troops. No sooner did the officers espy him than they began to question him as to his whereabouts, and finding him a complete simpleton as they thought, they began to quiz him, and threatened to seize his corn and fodder. "How much do you ask for your whole concern?" asked they. "For mercy's sake, gentlemen," replied the mock clodhopper, with the most deplorable look of entreaty, "only let me off, and you shall have my hull team and load for nothing, and if that don't dew, I'll give my word I'll return to:morrow, and thank you heartily for your kindness and condescension." "Well," said they, "we'll take your word. Leave the team and provender with us, and we wont require any bad bail for your appearance." Putnam gave up the team, and sauntered about for an hour or so, gaining all the information he wished. He then returned to his men and told them of the foe, and the plan of attack. The morning came, and with it sallied out the gallant band. The British were handled with rough hands, and when they surrendered to General Putnam, the clodhopper, he sarcastically remarked: "Gentlemen, I have kept my word. I told you I would call and pay you for your kindness and condescension."—*Revolutionary Reminiscences.*

News Matters.

Gov. Chase's Address of Welcome,

To the Invited Guests at the Celebration of the Completion of the Railway Line from Baltimore to St. Louis, on their arrival at Marietta.

GENTLEMEN:—The Committee of arrangements for this auspicious occasion, have assigned to me the very agreeable duty of welcoming you to Ohio.

It is, indeed, an auspicious occasion that unites the citizens of so many states in celebrating the happy consummation of a great work, so long ago commenced, so steadily urged, and, at length, notwithstanding manifold discouragements, and difficulties almost innumerable, so triumphantly accomplished.

It is with especial gratification that I welcome to our soil and our hospitalities, the representatives of that ancient and time-honored Commonwealth, whose infancy was guided by the wisdom of religious toleration, and whose maturer age was illustrated by the conception and inauguration of the first railroad attempted from the sea-board, across the mountains, into the vast interior, and the representatives of the Ancient Dominion, honored mother of Washington and Jefferson, under whose auspices the settlement of the North-West was inaugurated.

It gives me great pleasure to include in this cordial welcome, those members of the Federal Administration, and those Senators and Representatives of our sister states in the Federal Congress, whose presence here attests the national value of the occasion, and the diplomatic Representative of that French nation and French Government, whose dominion once extended over all this beautiful land.

I greet with no less satisfaction and with salutations no less hearty, the Directors and Officers of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad, the members of the city government of Baltimore, the gentlemen of the press,—members of that other government which goverus us all—and those other distinguished citizens, whose concurrence in this celebration makes this one of those white days, which we anticipate with pleasure, and remember with delight.

Welcome, gentlemen, welcome, one and all. May you derive from from your brief sojourn within the limits of Ohio, a pleasure as real and as great as that which your coming affords to us. To you sir, (turning to General Cass,) I may say something more than Welcome to Ohio! I may almost say, Welcome home! Welcome, I may certainly say, to the theatre of your earliest manhood!—Welcome to the community from which you received your first political trust! Welcome to the spot which witnessed, near half a century ago, the commencement of that long career of distinguished public service, and high public trust through which you have moved—a career long, yet, we trust, to be protracted through a vigorous and honored age, in the midst of regards and affections which may be augmented, perhaps, by political sympathies, but cannot be extinguished by political differences. Here, sir, now, as then, rolls the same beautiful Ohio; there with willing tribute, comes the same swift Muskingum; yonder rise the same verdant slopes; above bends the same benignant sky. Would that I could add that now, as then, here and all around you, stand the friends of your youth to welcome you back to the spot consecrated by youthful friendships. A few, indeed, yet remain to greet you. The rest—but let me not awaken vain regrets. Even the departed survive in their spirit, and greet you through their works.

My gratification in welcoming you to Ohio, gentlemen, is doubled by the circumstance that, at the same moment, I may welcome you to the spot where the foundation of the State was laid—where, indeed, the Anglo-Saxon settlement of the illimitable Northwest was bugun.

Hither, on the 7th day of April, 1787, not yet quite seventy years ago, after a winter's journey across the Allegahanies, thro' deep snows and over almost impassable ways; after a voyage in boats constructed by themselves, down the Youghiogheny, down the Monongahela, down the Ohio, under the lead of RUFUS PUTNAM, a Brigadier-General of the Revolutionary Army, who possessed and fully deserved the entire confidence of Washington—came the first settles of Ohio—noble souls—devoted patriots—brave soldiers—who, having gallantly aided in achieving the independence of their country, now consecrated their energies to the establishment of new homes for freemen, and a new Empire of Freedom in the western wilderness.

Here they found in singular preservation, those remarkable and extensive earth-works, existing, though in a somewhat impaired condition, to this day, the purpose of which, whether civil or military, secular or ecclesiastical, battles antiquarian research, though all agree that they must have been constructed in remote antiquity and by a race of men that have long since disappeared.

Here, too, they found the successors of that race, the red men of the forest, still resentful of their defeat in Pontiac's war, and jealous of the encroachments of the white man.

With characteristic energy and promptitude, on the very next day of their arrival, they commenced the work of dividing the land, and prepared at once for cultivation and defense. Hope pointed for them a bright though distant future, but not even the magic pencil of hope could have pictured the magnificent reality. From this germ in the wilderness has already sprung a state as rich in resources and as powerfull in arms as were the whole United Colonies at the era of the Revolution.—Westward and still Westward the Star of Empire has taken its way, carrying by its mighty attraction Anglo-Saxon dominion and Anglo-Saxon civilization, in the form of Republican institutions and Republican States, across the Mississippi, across the prairies, across the mountains, till it pauses at last at the very gates of evening to look down over the Pacific, now vexed by the keels of an unwonted commerce, upon the latest accession to the Republic, young, brilliant, golden-robed California. To what spot, then, in Ohio, gentlemen, could I welcome you—to what spot in the great central valley of the Republic can you be welcomed—more fraught with historic interest or more suggestive of the grand, hoped-for future than this?

And what an event it is, gentlemen, which we here unite in celebrating! What thoughts it, too, awakens of the past, and what hopes for the time to come! Three distinct periods seem to mark the progress of means of communication between the Eastern and Western—Western, once, but Western no longer—sections of our country. Our fathers were glad to avail themselves of the Indian trails and buffalo paths on land and of canoes and broad-horns upon the water. Eighty-seven years ago a Red Man, standing here on the shore of the Ohio, might have remarked, floating downward with the stream, a rude canoe, manned by two Indians and bearing three white men, of whom one, in the prime of noble manhood, was easily distinguished from the others by his dignified bearing and by his athletic proportions. It was Washington, who had crossed the mountains on horseback, by the rough paths of the period, and was now on his way to establish the pre-emption claims in behalf of himself and his fellow soldiers in the French and Indian wars, by marking trees and setting up monuments on the lands south of the Ohio just ceded by the Six Nations. Here, and not very far from where we now stand, he landed to exchange tokens of amity, and smoke the pipe of peace with an Indian Chief, whose friendship he had gained seventeen years before when he had visited the tribes as the youthful envoy of Dinwiddie.

But the day of canoes and broad-horns, of Indian trails and Buffalo paths passed away. Steamboats made their appearance on the rivers, canals furnished new channels of water communication, and turnpikes and macadamized roads facilitated and quickened intercourse by land. Over the Alleghanies and westward as far as Springfield, Ohio, the National Road was built for the accommodation of the traveller and the emigrant, and to secure the means of prompt communication in times of peril. The traveller on this road may still see, standing by the wayside, not far from the city of Wheeling, a simple monument which commemorates the services of Henry Clay, in the formation of this then important bond and ligament of union between the Atlantic States and the Interior.—The monument will crumble—the road itself may be deserted and forgotten—but the name of CLAY will live while patriotism is honored and genius finds a shrine in the hearts of men.

Turnpikes and macadamized roads, rivers and canals still supply indispensible facilities of intercourse.—But a third period has begun. The railroad and the telegraph now assert their claims to pre emminence as the most important means of rapid communication, and the most beneficial agencies of progress.

With this new era, the great work, of which we now celebrate the accomplishment, stands closely and prominently connected. While yet a youth, pursuing my professional studies in the City of Washington, I remember to have witnessed the celebration of the opening of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad—perhaps to Ellicott's Mills—perhaps, only to what is now the Washington junction. It was a great event, and deserved to be appropriately celebrated. It announced the earnest beginning of a work, then without a rival in boldness of design and grandeur of conception. Through what difficulties it has been prosecuted—what marvels of engineering skill it has evoked—how successfully obstacles seemingly insurmountable, have been overcome, others may better tell than I. I rejoice to see among you to-day a friend of my younger years, to whose faithful and intelligent labors, as President of the company, something, at least, of its success is due. I have no heartier welcome to give to-day than that which my heart offers before my tongue can utter it—to THOMAS SWANN.

All those who faithfully labor in the commencement of great undertakings, seeking to realize in material forms great ideas, build far more wisely than they know. The projectors of the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad little imagined how much more vast than even their great conception, were to be the results of the work they undertook. They contemplated a connection with Ohio, and through Ohio and its affiliated waters, with the immense territories watered by them. But they did not dream that those rivdrs, themselves, were to be half superseded by other railroads, continuing their own iron track farther and farther towards the setting sun. They did not even contemplate, I believe, the construction of that northwestern Virginia Railroad, over which you have just come hither. Still less did they anticipate that when that branch of their own road should be completed to the Ohio, this Cincinnati & Marietta road would be here to receive its passengers and freight, and carry them westward. He would have been counted insane who should have predicted it. The only hospitalities thought to be due to him who might then have hoped to participate in such a celebration as this, would have been the hospitalities of the Lunatic Asylum.

To-day, gentlemen, you will have an opportunity of seeing how sober such an anticipation would have been. To-night you will be welcomed at the ancient metropolis of Ohio. To-morrow you will be received by the Queen City of the Central Valley—still justly entitled to that proud distiction though many ambitious aspirants are eager to pluck the crown from her brows.—There is a great wonder awaits you. The Ohio & Mississippi Railroad, forming still another link of the Central American Railway, stretches away still westward; and the iron horse, impatient of delay, is eager to bear you on, beyond the ancient limits of the Republic, where the memories of the Crusades, and of French Empire and of French civilization are perpetuated by the name of St. Louis.

There you may pause; but the railroad, the locomotive and the telegraph—iron, steam and lightning—the three mighty genii of modern civilization, still press onward, and—I venture here to predict, it will know no lasting pause until the whole vast line of railway shall be completed from the Atlantic to the Pacific—from Baltimore to San Francisco.

Gentlemen, I must'not detain you by reflections. It were idle, indeed, to attempt to express the feelings which these themes excite. God grant that we may have the wisdom to understand that this, our wonderful heritage of liberty, prosperity, and extended empire came from Him, and can only be preserved by obedience to His laws. God grant that the Union of the States, which this great railroad brings into such intimate relations, and that larger Union which embraces all the States of the Confederation, and which forms the best assurance and guaranty of the permanence and enlargement of our precious heritage of Free Institutions, may endure in all its glorious strength and beauty, while the mountains and the rivers, traversed by the road, shall stand or flow.

The Tragedy in Kentucky.

Yesterday morning we published an account of a shocking affair which happenad near the line of the Covington & Lexington Railroad, on Saturday last; viz. the murder, or rather the attempted murder, of Col. Price and son, by a man named Gay, who took this barbarous method of avenging a supposed wrong done himself and family in a sketch published in the Ohio *Farmer*, of May 30th, written by Mrs. Price.

The publication alluded to is entitled "Life Sketches of Heart Histories," and, without referring in plain terms to the Gay family, is nevertheless, supposed to be founded on incidents in their lives and truthfully portrays their charact.

The history given in this sketch is of persons—a man and a woman—the latter a member of one of the first families of Virginia, the former a dissipated gambler and speculator. While on a journey from home, the girl became acquainted with this fellow, acquaintance ripened into a deeper feeling on her part, and he, learning that she was possessed of wealth, professed tenderer feelings for her, and they were married, of cource, and removed to Kentucky. The father of the girl delayed handing over to his daughter's husband her marriage portion—the "bankrupt son-in-law" showed his true colors, and the girl found to her unavailing sorrow that she had "fallen the victim of avarice." Then followed a long course of illtreatment from her husband which she bore until "patience ceased to be a virtue," when she fled to her father's in Virginia. The story is only tolerably well written, but evinces a good deal of severity of feeling.

Gay concived this to be intended to apply to him, as doubtless it was, and prompted by a fiendish spirit of revenge, he met the husband and son of the writer of the story and perpetrated the atrocity recorded yesterday.

Col. Price and his wife were guests of Henery B. Payne, Esq., of this city, during the late State Fair, and all who held any intercourse with him were pleased with his gentlemanly bearing and worth. The report given yesterday stated that he was likely to recover, but that the young man, his son, has died.—*Cleve.t Leader.*

Important from Salt Lake City.

BRIGHAM YOUNG BESIEGED IN HIS OWN HOUSE.

From the Calaveras Chronicle (Extra.)

Yesterday (Sunday) morning, 19th inst., Mr. Thompson, the daring and intrepid Carson Valley Expressman, arrived in Moquelumne Hill, via Murphy's and the Big Tree Road from Carson Valley. He left Eagle Ranch, on the morning of the 14th, and was four days in reacking Murphy's having lost his wey directly after striking the head waters of the Moquelume. The reflection of light from the encrusted snow rendered him blind, and that was the cause of his losing his way.

He reports the snow on the mountains from four to six feet deep, from Hope Valley to the Big Meadows; and thinks this is three feet less than is now on the Johnson Cut Off. This is his first trip on the Big Tree Road, and he says it is by great odds the best natural road across the mountains.

By private letters received from Salt Lake, Mr. Thompson learned that the schism in the Mormon Church had assumed a formidable character. The Gladdenites, or apostates from the Simon pure faith as enunciated by Brigham and his adherents, have of late wonderfully increased their numbers, and grown so rebellious that the Prophet is forced to environ himself with a trusty guard of the faithful. The letters state that his house is guarded night and day by his friends, and that, so bitter are his enemies against him, he is afraid to show himself in public. He has deserted the Tabernacle. Mr. Thompson does not confirm the rumor of his flight.

The Mormons of Carson Valley, on account of difficulties apprehended by their Gentile neighbors, had been peremptorily ordered to Salt Lake, by the prophet, but thinking it easier to negotiate a peace than to sacrifice their homes, they have shaken hands with the Amalekites, and buried the tomahawk.

The Flannel Question.

There has been a war going on for some years, between the flannel and anti flannel party the result has been, that persons have abandoned woollen undergarments altogether, *Hall's Journal of Health* comes to the rescue and says;

"In our climate, fickle in its gleams of sunshine and its, balmy airs, as a conquette in her smiles and favor, consumption bears away every year the ornaments of many social circles—The fairest and lovliest are its favorite victims. An ounce of prevention in this fatal disease is worth many pounds of cure; for, when once well seated, it mocks alike medical skill and careful nursing. If the fair sex could be induced to regard the laws of health, many precious lives might be saved; but pasteboar soles, low neck dresses and Lilliputian hats, saw annually the seeds of a fatal harvest. The suggestion in the following articles from the *Scientific American*, if followed, might save many with consumptive tendencies from an early grave:

"'Put it on at once, Winter and Summer; nothing better can be worn next to the skin than a loose, red woolen shirt; *loose*, for it has room to move on the skin, thus causing a titilation which draws the blood to the surface; and keeps it there; and, when that is the case, no one can take cold; *red*, for white flannel fulls up, mats together, and becomes tight, stiff, heavy and impervious.

Cotton wool merely absords the moisture from the surface. while woollen flannel conveys it from the skin, and deposits it in drops on the outside of the shirt, from which the ordinary cotton shirt absorbs it; and by its nearer exposure to the air, it is soon dried without injury to the body. Having these properties, red wool flannel is worn by sailors even in the midsummer of the hottest coutries. Wear a thinner material in Summer.'"

The New Arctic Expedition.

A Scotch Court of Session has decided that Sir John Franklin's party is dead; the British Admiralty have declined to equip another vessel to seek for his whereabouts or his remains. Twelve years have elapsed since Sir John weighed anchor for the Arctic region; twelve expeditions have been subsequently sent in that direction; still Lady Franklin struggles against her fears, and strives to conquer the fates by her courage and unfaltering faith.

The new expedition which shortly leaves England is equipped out of the wreck of her fortune, aided by the good will, advice and assistance of a few Arctic voyagers and geographers, who believe that traces of Sir John Franklin can yet be found. She and they still cling to the hope that, out of the hundred and forty stalwart men who composed the original expedition, some one surives to tell the fate of his companions.

It is prophesied that this renewed search will be a failure, and, despite the petition of some of the leading geographers and savans of England to the Admiralty, we believe that in reference to its great object it will be a failure. It stands to reason and a common sense view of the experiences of life that a man who, twelve years ago disappeared amid the dismal solitudes of Polar ice, has disappeared for ever. We are not prepared to discuss the question in its details or in its scientific relations: or to answer the hopeful suggestions of Lady Franklin's friends that Sir John has not been searched for where he was instructed to go; or that the missing ships will be found in an unexplored area of two hundred miles which can be reached by the propeller of the new expedition. The practical man will not be misled by such sanguine theorics to place any confidence in a scheme which the common understanding of sensible people pronounces at once to be chimerical, if not evidence of positive monomania.—To be sure, the dead bodies of the great explorer and his companions have not been found, but the reports of Dr. Rae and Mr. Anderson, render their fate almost certain; while the impossibility of surviving so many years without provisions or fuel is well known to all who are acquainted with the history of Arctic voyages.

The romance of Robinson Crusoe in his tropical island, is much more credible than the survival of a party of explorers for seven years in the cold and dreary wastes of Arctic desolation.

But no true man will look harshly upon Lady Franklin's new expedition. Her ship will go forth in the Arctic regions, freighted with the good wishes of the cililized world. It will be accompanied by the heartfelt prayers of many a Christian matron, who loves and reverences her husband next to God, and compared with whose pious devotion life itself weighs as but a feather.—No one can look without emotion upon a woman, laying down all, that like the holy women of Judea, she may follow him whom she loves.—There is a tender chivalry in the act which links the name of Lady Franklin with that of Florence Nightengal. In the white glimmer of the sails of this last rover in the Arctic Sea, we see a reflection of that womanly devotion and faith, which is stronger than logic or the solid columns of armed men. Nor can we measure such enterprise by the principles of utilitarianism; there is a surplus of educated energy which can find no better vent than such an expdition; and whether it be fertile or barren of scientific discovery, it is dictated by a nobler ambition than that which fills the Courts with diplomatists or strews the Crimea with with whitened bones. Every such mission makes the world wiser and better.—*N. K. Mirror.*

Arrival of the Geo. Law.

NEW YORK, June 12.

The George Law connected at the Istmus with the Sonora which 'brot' down nearly two and a half millions. She passed the Golden Age on the 24th bound up with the New York passengers of the 25th of May, and June 2d passed the Golden Gate with mails of the 21st.

The Geo. Law left Aspinwall on the evening of the 30th of June.—The U. S. ships, Decatur and St. Marys, were off Panama, and the Wabash and Cayenne off Aspinwall.

Intelligence from San Juan Del Norte states that over 100 of Walker's men are still at that place destitute and sick.

The British Frigate Satellite, had sailed for California. Affairs in other South American States generally tranquil. The Panama Star expresses fears that Gen Walker, in conformity with threats made by him after his capitulation, will return with another army of fillibusters to the Ithmus. Regrets that Gen. Mora did not bind him and his officers in the terms of capitulations never again to put foot in Central America.

The news from California is of no importance. The papers give details of the massacre by the Mexicans of Col. Crabbe and his party. It seems to have been attended by incidents of unusual cruelty. Crabbe himself was led out alone, tied with his arms above his head and then riddled with one hundred bullets.

The Kentucky Tragedy.

We learn by a gentleman who has just received a private letter from a friend near Wincnester, Ky., that Col. James Price, who was shot by James D. Gay the other day is still alive, and it is hoped will recover. His oldest, John William, who was also shot by the same ruffian, died on Wednesday, after suffering excruciating agony for four days.—Gay, on meeting with the father and son who were on horseback, fired upon them without speaking a word, and continued firing first with a gun and afterwards with a pistol, leaving his victims lying helpless and bleeding in the road, where they were found when the coach came up to where they were lying.—*State Journal.*

Horrible Tragedy.

CINCINNATI, June 13.

This forenoon as four U. S. Deputy Marshals were arresting a fugitive slave and his wife, the slave stabbed J. C. Elliott, Deputy Marshal, with a long sword knife. Upon which another Deputy Marshal shot the slave in the abdomen. Deputy Marshal shot the slave in the abdomen four times. The negroes were taken into custody. The Marshal's wound is dangerous. The negro's wound is thoughts to be mortal. The affray occurred in a room on Vine street near the Postoffice where the negroes were secreted.